The National Bra is Published Weekly, on

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted
three times for one dollar; every subsequent inserthree times for one unitar, every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

All communications to the Bra, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to

G. Balley, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth Strebt, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.

GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

ROME, November 17, 1852. My DEAR MR. C ... I have now been nearly a week in the Eternal City, and am beginning to feel at home, and comparatively at rest. We are most pleasantly situated in the Corso, near the Piazza del Popolo, a sunny

Ancient Rome as yet affects me with a singular gloomy wonder. I gaze about me sadly, rather than eagerly. I am too awe-struck to be eurious. We spent one day among the ruins; and though the sunshine was brilliant as that of June, and the breath of wild roses was afloat on the soft air, that day was to me one of shadows and sadness. Could all the sunshine that ever streamed out of heaven make testal brightness in the mighty circle of the Coliseum, thronged, as it is, to the eye of the spirit, with dark visions of fear and horror, of fierce fight and deadly encounter, brutal ferocity and diabolical cruelty! The blood of innumerable martyrs seems yet rising from feen us and the beautiful skies. What a terrible power has a place like this over the imagination! I there beheld not alone the halfsickening half-intoxicating scenes of ancient gladatorial combat; but, as I stood near one of the ruined passages, by which the wild beasts, ages on ages ago, were driven, mad with rage and hunger, from their black, subterranean dens, into the noon-tide blaze of the amphitheatre, I involuntarily listened to hear them roaring and bounding beneath me. I involuntarily looked, to see them leaping into the arena, with eyes a-flame and jaws a-gape. I listened to hear the first shriek of the Christian victims and the mad yells, the applauding uproar, of the heathen spectators. I seemed to see the tiger burying his claws deep in the white bosom of the maiden, and the fierce leopard playing with the mangled child, ere devouring

it. I seemed to see the gray-haired old man and the dark-haired youth, after a vain, brief struggle with their terrible foes, rent in pieces; and, more fearful and pitiable still, fair patrician dames looking on through all, with calm, unblenched faces, and young peasant maidens clapping their brown hands, while the long thunders of acclamation rolled round the vast amphitheatre. Here, as at the prisons of the Inquisition at Avignon, I exulted over the ruin about me with joy unspeakable. Yet what a melancholy lesson does this chance coupling of these two places present! The one is the scene of the open, cruel, yet speedy martyrdom of the earliest Christians, under a bloody pagan slow, infernally ingenious torture of Chriswans, by fellow Christians! Could the martyrs who suffered here have foreseen these things—have seen priests, in the place of beasts, rending, and racking, and disembowelling, to the

sound of pious chants, instead of fierce shouts, and in the name of the merciful Jesus, instead of that of relentless Jove-could they have foreseen those bitterer than heathen mockeries, those bold blasphemies of the Most High God, written by priestly hands, in the blood of His children, would they have met the mademed beasts of the arena with such superhusuch divine endurance, "triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God."

We descended into the Catacombs by the usual entrance, at the church of San Sebastian. These subterranean refuges of the early Christians are indeed most melancholy, dis mal, awful places. We were conducted by a dirty and miserable Franciscan friar, looking, the coarse brown dress of his order, as though he had burrowed for a life-time those low, dark passages.

We each bore a torch, yet never, I a you, ventured to diverge from the way taken by our guide, or to fall more than a yard or two behind him. He led us through a gloomy and hewildering labyrinth, vault after vault, passage opening on passage, chill chambers of death, interminable halls of night, where our torches seemed to struggle with the heavy air, and to test faint and learful gleams into the profound depths of that ancient darkness. He wed us chapels and rude shrines, and every-As you know, the Catacombs once formed a vast under ground cemetery; but since the Christianization of Rome, most of the bones of the martyrs who perished here have been removed to less humble tombs in the churches. Many are kept in costly cabinets and shrines, as precious and holy relies. I shall never forget a group of graves, pointed out to me in one of the chapels. They were those of a father, mother, and two children. I involuntatily exclaimed—"Marciful Hayon, what a exclaimed-" Merciful Heaven! what a place for children!" Poor lambs! what won-der that they would not stay in this chill and der that they would not stay in this chill and sunless abode, but soon sought the "green pastures" and the "still waters" of the Good Shepherd. Perhaps, when they were first brought here, they wondered and questioned why the morning was so long in coming; perhaps, when they were dying, they cried piteously for the sunshine, the flowers, and the pleasant grass. Perhaps they died in utter darkness, and the mother only knew when the darkness, and the mother only knew when the cherub soul had escaped from its double prison-nouse and ascended to the upper brightness, by feeling the little body grow stiff and cold against her desolate bosom.

As I said before, these graves have been rifled, and the bones of the faithful Christians and the sacred vessels which held the blood of martyrdom, and stood in little niches near these graves, have been borne away to cathedrals and monasteries, while the names rudely carved on these stones have been enrolled among the holiest saints of the Church. But who shall collect and enshrine the bones lying in the secret dungeons and towers of the Inquisition?
What hold and pious hand could there have caught and treasured the blood which dripped from the wheel, or splashed against the walls of the oubliettes? When shall the saints, who there suffered in secret and died in extremest anguish, receive their canonization ?

We drove past that proud tomb which has lifted the single name of a woman, amid the storms of centuries, above the destruction of empires, and the convulsions of a thousand wars. Little could Cecilia Metella have dreamwars. Little could Cecilia Metella have dreamed that the inscription on the tomb raised by ladow or pride," above her dust, would stand out airlear when the language in which it was written haad been silenced over the whole face of the earth—that the tomb itself would remain unleversed, almost unbroken, when Rome had been long aggwed in ruin, when the smiling country about her had become a wild waste—when her race had sunken away out of all rewhen her race had sunken away out of all rewhen her race had sunken away out of all remembrance of the glory and power which once

We also drove along the tomb-burdened Appian Way, where ome recent excavations let us down several fee on to the very stones over which the charios of Roman conquerors

miles on miles of ruined aqueducts. Amid the destruction around, you wonder to see so much of these grand works yet standing, and you almost expect to see them go down before your sight, arch after arch.

The grotto over the fountain of Egeria is an interesting bit of ruin, though stripped of its rich marbles, and every way dilapidated. Of to suggest a faint vision of pillared and sculp-tured beauty. But what a wilderness of ruin are the Baths of Caracalla! The longer you wander among these stupendous remains, the more you are amazed by the conceptions they give you of the beauty and grandeur of those vast temples of pleasure, in which the Romans revelled like gods, and in whose voluptuous atmosphere Roma's destruction in the contract of mosphere Rome's destruction ripened. Against the black walls, and among the broken pillars, I found roses in luxuriant bloom, and this re-minded me that here the poet Shelley wrote

nis " Prometheus Unbound The lofty dome of the Pantheon opens to vard heaven in almost its first grandeur, defy ng the devastations of Time. Its beautifu ing the devastations of Time. Its beautiful pavement seems yet little worn by the tread of unnumbered generations, and the majestic piltars of its portice bear up grandly under the weight of more than eighteen centuries. The attempt to christianize the Pantheon, and like places in Rome, by the introduction of altars and shrines, glaring pictures and bedizened statues of saints, has, in my opinion, signally falled. Their character remains sternly and failed. Their character remains sternly and obstinately pagan. The ghosts of the dead deities flit around them still. They are forever haunted by the sensuous, voluptuous, imperious magnificent, old Roman spirit. Amid the stern implicity of these sublime ruins, the taste in voluntarily resents the accessories and parades of the theatrical Catholic worship, as it might some monstrous anachronism in poetry or art. Even the crosses and shrines in the Coliseum seem but pious impertinences, and the arrogan triumphing of a new faith; and I own that find it impossible to see the diminutive soldiers and effeminate priests of to-day in the Forum, or the ruined temples of the old heroes and di vinities, without a desire to have them swept away, and their places filled by stalwart fol-lowers of Mars and manly worshippers of

Among the most interesting antiquities of Rome are the Columbaria, on the Appian Way. These subterranean tombs are so called, from their consisting of tier on tier of niches, like pigeon-holes, where the ashes of the dead are tored-some in classic urns, but most in round earthen receptacles, with covers, very like preserve-pots or pickle-jars. You can thrust your hand into almost any one of these, and bring it up full of the ashes and bony fragments of somebody, or something. In these economical gregarious sepulchres, were deposited all that stood fire of the slaves and inferior officers of the imperial and princely houses. Over every niche is an inscription, and beside many of the urns and jars a lamp and a small vessel for

containing wine.

The grandest view I have yet had of the city and surrounding country was from the tower of the Capitol. There it lay beneath me, in one vast, magnificent circle. Rome! Rome! the fact that I am indeed in its midst, which seems to come to and pass from my mind in a sort of ebb and flow of realization, broke upon me then almost overpoweringly.

"No more the dream, the longing-The pilgrim strays at last Amid thy haunted temples, Thou city of the past, Whose eagles once made darkness Where'er their wings unfurled— Whose seven hills propped a glory That domed the ancient world."

I wrote those lines some time last year, for nother-little dreaming what a few months would bring forth for me. Almost prophetic they seemed when I stood on that high tower, and looked down on those seven hills, on the rellow Tiber, on the Tarpeian Rock, on the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the noble arches of Constantine, Titus, and Septimus Severus—on he beautiful ruins of the temples about the Forum, and the dark mass of crumbling ma-sonry, of undistinguishable fragments of colsoury, of undistinguishable fragments of col-umus, arches, and vaults, called, as though in bitter mockery of greatness, the Palace of the Cassars. With these mingled, yet forever distinct, was modern Rome, headed by that consecrated wonder and splendor of the world, St. Peter's. Out beyond the city walls our cager gaze was directed to plains and mountains, and ancient places, whose names were fa-miliar as school-house words—Latium, Etruria, the Camp of Hannibal, the Sabine Hills, the away over the desolate campagna, Tivoli. But I soon turned from the distant to the near, and looked long and thoughtfully down upon the Forum and the Coliseum, once the point of the highest architectural splendor the world could boast. Soon from those glorious frag-ments and colossal intimations my mind grasped large conceptions of Rome's proudest times. The broken arches of the Coliseum seemed to fill out again, and the vast amphitheatre to enclose its shouting thousands. The fallen and ouried columns about the Forum seemed to arise from the dust, and range themselves in their old accustomed places. Priests and ves-tals seemed ministering at sculptured altars, to which the long-banished deities had de-scended. The warlike brothers sat curbing their fierce steeds—Vesta in her white purity and Minerva in the calm majesty of wisdom stood again before their worshippers, and Jupi

ter sat sublime in his ancient temple.

And the host of the historical recollection of Rome—the memsirs of battles, and tri-umphs, and sieges, and revolutions—how they stormed upon the heart! Scenes in the victorious, disastrous, splendid and guilty reigns of her Emperors, the countless tumults and in-surrections of her republics, seemed to pas-before me. I saw the Forum now surging with an assembled populace, excited to frenzy by the words of some powerful orator, now brilliant with some sacred festival now gor geous with the triumphal course of an army returned from foreign conquests, the victorious leader standing, laurel-crowned, in his chariot, followed by captives in chains, and slaves bearing spoil; and now I beheld it overrun with barbarian hordes, slaying, pillaging, and destroying, till the night closed in blood and

Over that Via Sacra, how many of thos whom the world counts among her immortals have walked! Horace, and Virgil, and Cicero and Catullus, and Brutos, and Cæsar, and Mark Antony, and Cato, and Coriolanus, and,

the "chaste Lucretia" must have trod those stones, and Brutus's heroic Portia; the "noble Volumnia," the high-souled Cornelia, and the hapless Virginia. The stern Virginiu passed here daily, and near by he struck down a base tyrant through the tender heart of his child—surely the grandest sacrifice to freedom and virtue in the annals of time.

I have thought best to reserve all I have to

say of modern Rome, for other times. As yet, say of modern Rome, for other times. As yet, I have comparatively little interest in things around me not belonging to the remote past—that sepulchre of the old glory of this lovely land. So my letter goes forth to-day a sad thing from the midst of shadows—flies to you like a rook from ruins. Hoping that you will not much longer be content with the descripnot much longer be content with the descrip-tions and impressions of others, least of all with mine, but come and see, and feel for yourself, and drink in the classic and poetic atme sphere of Rome-I remain, as ever,

LA FAYETTE, INDIANA, Dec. 8, 1852.

To the Editor of the National Era :

I perceive, by many expressions of sentime in the Era, that there is a strong feeling once rolled, and the trees of the Empire and the Consulate often swe, in all the splendid pomp and inselent pride f victory. Thick, on either side, stood broken of rifled tombs, and the black, tottering we of houses—every—here dead desolation and decay. Looking friends, nevertheless, active, organized effort favor of continuing our efforts in the Anti-

off to the left, the eye grew weary in following throughout the coming four years must do great good in many ways. Our work is of a differ-ent character from that of the old parties. It

of local papers established, and well supported by advance pay on all subscriptions. These publications, together with the National papers, being generally taken by our friends, should as possible, thereby giving all an opportunity to note the doings of Congressmen and others While I am upon the subject of publications llow me to make a few suggestions in regard

to the National Era. It appears to me that you can afford to put your price for single subscribers at \$1.50, and then do quite well at the business. I see what you have said in your paper of the 25th ult.; still, your reasons do not paper of the 25th uit; still, your reasons do not seem conclusive that the price should not be lowered 50 cents. Your subscription list, aided by cheap postage, would undoubtedly be much increased, perhaps enough to nearly or quite make up for the loss on reduction of price. Your local agents would probably, in fewer instances, charge the commission, and even that might be lowered. Your increused circulation would not materially injure the local papers. In regard to the matter of the Era, many of your subscribers are of the opinion that its exensive usefulness might be increased by omiting the fictitious reading, and, instead thereof, substituting a more extended attention to the noral and religious branches of our enterprise. We think there is a sufficiency of fact and argument, having a direct bearing upon the well-being of mankind, for this life and that which s to come, to fill your sheet profitably, without resorting to the imagination of any romance-writer. A large proportion of your readers are professed Christiaus—members of different religious denominations in which slavery is permitted; many of them are sincerely Anti-Slavery, but have not had their attention particularly called to church action. They scarcely seem to realize the fact that their own Christian brethren, with whom they are in church-fellowship, are actually holding, and claiming the right to hold, other members of the same Christian body, as slaves. We think the Anti-Slavery cause cannot triumph in the Gov-ernment while slaveholding is permitted in the principal churches of the nation. If this position is correct, it becomes necessary to carry forward the religious branch of our enterprise, even in case it were only to accomplish a polit ical regeneration. Your position being neutral as to religious denomination, gives you an op-portunity to labor with good effect in this di-rection, and it is to be hoped that duty may

appear plain.
Truly yours, for all righteous reform,

We are willing to hear suggestions of all sorts from our friends-and then we must be regulated by our own judgment.

In relation to the price of the Era, we know what it costs to print it, and have fixed our terms accordingly. We can make no change. Our club terms are as liberal as we can afford. As it respects the character of the reading

in the paper, we have had the advantage of an experience of some seventeen years. Were we to conduct the Era according to the notions of almost resolve to confess all, and entreat her last few days.

Our correspondent, it might be a very useful parents' forgiveness; but ever in the way stood "Good Heavens!" he cried, as the full expaper, but its subscription list would go down below zero. Some of us like dry discussionsome are always inquiring, cui bono?-more are disposed to mingle the useful with the agreeable. We do not edit a paper for philosophers, or divines, or politicians, or statesmen, alone, but for the People-albeit there may be some

thing in it even for those respectable classes. As to fiction, we had thought that the pub lication of Uncle Tom's Cabin would forever silence objection on that score. That work of fiction, in our opinion, has done more for free dom, than all the syllogisms on the subject that have appeared in our paper. Man is a being of taste and imagination, and affections as well as logic-and he who would gain ac ess to him only through one faculty, has mis God.-Ed. Era.

Theme for the Times. By Caroline Chesebro', a thor of "Isa, a Pilgrimage," &c. New York : Pub lished by Redfield. Washington: sold by Taylor

& Maury. One vol., 374 pp. This is certainly an ambitious title; and we ce no congruity between the title and the contents of the book, which, like Isa, seems designed to show forth the wretchedness of woman under the present conditions of society. The story is a very simple one, and is but the thread on which to string the sentiments of the author Asia Phillips, the heroine, is a poor orphan. educated by the charity of Mr. Maderon, with his two daughters, and whose life is spent in taking care of a poor blind uncle and a halfidiot aunt. She is full of talent, and, like Isa in the Pilgrimage, of original and bold aspirations. She is described, "an Amazonian in stature, which seemed to her the only fitting tabernacle for the spirit that was in her to lwell in. * * * There was a lofty pride in the expression of her strange black eyes-a piercing, penetrating power, that was not to be gainsaid. In the very full of life she must live, if it all. Fettered as she might exist, but such an exis

men of the intensified style of much of this Nature-"the world's prophet of a new and better Covenant," page 306, whose rhapsodies are given at length on pages 266 to 278. He deems "the universe of books as a stupendous monument, that proclaims the stupendous ignorance and folly of the race :" page 270. But we are told by him, for our encouragement, there is a "better time" coming, "when men rejuvenated, regenerated, will no le ship ideal Max, (referring to Jesus

would scorn to call life." And this is a speci-

fore alluded to in this paragraph.) but instead the Truth, NATURE"-page 273. Asia, the heroine, is seduced by the Maderons, a young lawyer, who marries Blanche, whereupon Asia seeks to drown herself, and is saved by Vesta; and with this event

the book closes. In order that our readers may understan Miss Chesebro's views of marriage, we give an extract from a letter written by the lady who marries Borland, the Priest of Nature. The letter is too long to be copied entire :

"I never answered this, child-yes, 'child! for I'm older than you, and to-day am to marry a teacher!—but this morning, as you will see, I cannot avoid doing so. You meant by 'love' that mystery which has to do with marriage, the problem which matrimony endeavors to solve; and therefore the query and the longing solve; and therefore the query and the longing you express do you honor. Yet I feel to day how full and immensely significant the word 'love' is. It is more than all other words to me. It is the essence of all language. I am not content that the word should be monopolized by one idea. Yes, to make the matter short, and bring us to a climax, I do believe love to be the ultima thule of a woman's existence. But recollect by love I apprehend the

never be given to man or woman. Marriage being one of the institutions established by God the Love, is, therefore, 'honorable' and consists in the persevering, forcible impression of right principles upon the minds of the community, rather than in any particular rush of holding great conventions, raising poles, and the like. We should have a snitable number at is so. No thought, or relation, or form, established among human beings, can absorb or be that divine principle. Since love is the great reality or fact of the Highest—since Love created, redeemed, upholds, and saves us—the heart of man or woman can surely glow with no higher, or nobler, or purer emotion. Should not that be the ultima thule of a woman's existence, the very watchword of her life, which is the conqueror of Death, and the reality of that blessedness which lies beyond death? (Vesta, darling, take not this holiest word from my lips, this highest thought from my heart, or

am indeed powerless, dumb, and dead We could wish the talents of Miss Chesebro were devoted to teach better things than we find in this book ; but we rest in the full assurance of faith, that a loving wife, with a group of children around her knees, will never sigh for a wider sphere of usefulness and happiness than her own fireside. Indeed, so strong is our conviction of this great and just truth, that we would respectfully urge Miss Chesebro', and all who sympathize with her, to bring this matter to the instant test of experience.

For the National Era A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE. BY CATHARINE LEDYARD.

Her father was in the hall when she re "Why, child," he said, "how could you ven

CHAP. V-Continued

are out in the storm? It is the most imprudent thing I ever heard of."

"Fanny sent for me," she answered.
"I forgot about that—how did you find "Much better than I expetced; she talked

than a few days, at farthest." "Poor Fanny! it makes me sad to think of her," said Mr. Lindley. "Do you make haste and change your wet things, or we shall have

Grace obeyed, and in the quiet of her own room thought over what had passed; but reflection was of no service to her. She could form no conclusions, make no resolves. Mean-"W while it grew dark, and she was summoned to

"Say that I have a headache, Calista, and

She was quiet and abstracted during the

"You look really ill, dear," said her mother kindly; the weather was very bad to-day, and I am afraid you have taken cold. There is a little fire kindled in your room, and I think

those deceitful words, "He is all to me now that he ever will be." What madness it seemed to have uttered them! Yet she had even congratulated herself on that one bold stroke, which had silenced her father's inquiries, and acknowledge that? No-it was impossible. But, again, what if Fanny should betray her; if her father should know all, without her inmerit of repentance. Yet, after all, it might be that her last words had frightened Fanny out of her purpose; and in that case, all would "My darling Grace," he said, "you must out of her purpose; and in that case, all would be well. It would be a great pity to lay herself open, by a hasty confession, to the contempt sincerely beg your pardon. The fact is, I am and anger which she felt assured would be her in a very awkward position, and I don't know portion when the truth was known. "Fanny which way to turn. There is not even a place cannot last long," she thought; "the Doctor said only a few days; and when she is gone, cess to him only through one faculty, has mis-apprehended his constitution, and the ways of I will wait." A feeling of horror came over moment. Pll tell you what to do, her at the idea of thus speculating on her friend's death; but she banished it, by remem-

than natural that she should think of ner own interest.

While she sat thus, trying to reconcile to her judgment—not her conscience—the course she had resolved upon, the hall door opened; voices were heard and a moment afterward her on, the heard and a moment afterward her one her on, and the heard and a moment afterward her one her one her on, the heard and a moment afterward her one were heard, and a moment afterward her father passed out; she knew his step, as it echoed on the pavement. A feeling of despair came over her; she was sure that Fanny had sent for him; and, if so, what hope was left? She tried to compose herself, by thinking that perhaps a friend had called for him; or it unwilling to be left alone, I will engage a room might be a message on business—he often went out in the evening; but it was in vain. Unable fortable as possible till I come back." longer to endure suspense, she went down, hoping to learn from her mother the cause of his absence. Mrs. Lindley had retired for the night; she had been unwell all day, Calista said, and, as the evening went on, felt too ill

to sit up. Grace was obliged to return, unsat-isfied and anxious. "It is all settled now," she said, with a desperate effort at calmness. "If Fanny has sent for him, it is too late to help it." She took up a book, and tried to read; but always between a book, and tried to read; but always between her eyes and the page came the vision of a pale, wasted girl, telling in a low voice her story of wrong and falsehood, while a stern man sat by, and listened in austerest silence. The hours went on; the clock struck late into the night, and still Grace watched and

in the lock. Yes, her father had come—she heard his steps along the hall and on the stair-case—they neared her room.

Another moment, and the door opened—he was there. One look at his face told that he knew all, and with a choking terror in her breath she sunk back in the chair.

Nothing like a scene followed that des ing silence—when people are in earnest, they make no parade of their emotion—they do not vent their anger or their grief in well-turned sentences—few words suffice their need. So it was now.
Grace remained motionless, her eyes fixed

on the ground, her whole nature concentrated into shame and terror. Her father looked at her, and his face grew more cold and stern.

"Grace," he said, and at the words her heart gave a sudden leap, "I have heard strange things to-night; Fanny was not terrified by your parting words, it seems, and she has told me all—your marriage—your corres-pondence—everything. She did her best to

excuse you—to make your fault appear par-donable—but it was a difficult task, and needed more skill than she possessed. Perhaps you could handle the subject more successfully."
Grace looked at him in wonder; this was no

what she expected.

"I have been gone a long time," he continued: "you must have found it tedious, waiting here alone. It is as well, however; you are alone. ready up, and can proceed immediately to packing your trunks. The Cumberland stage goes through at three o'clock to-morrow morning, or this morning, rather—I have engaged your passage in it. Here is money sufficient to your passage in it. Here is money sufficient to take you to N—; after that, your husband will care for you, no doubt. I will be at your door ten minutes before the time, and shall expect to find you entirely ready."

He left the room—Grace sat stupefied with astonishment. Could this be all?

No, he was returning—perhaps he had relented—if he only would reproach her! only show some feeling!

"You need not see your mother," he said. "I can give her your adieu. You can at least afford to leave her in the enjoyment of the last peaceful rest she is likely to know." He turned away, but Grace sprung forward and threw herself at his feet in an agony of supplication. "You can rise," was the sole reply. "I have sense enough left to cast the viper from me when I feel its sting."

Two hours later, Grace moved at her father's side along the silent street—a porter followed.

side along the silent street—a porter followed with the trunks. Before the stage-house stood the Cumberland coach, its lamps burning dim-ly through the misty air—the driver was upon

the box.

An ostler brought out the steps, and, with his aid, Grace entered the ponderous vehicle. The driver cracked his whip, the coach rolled heavily away, and the stern father walked homeward through the darkness and the fall-

The set to which Henry Seymour had the honor of belonging, and in which he shone conspicuous, consisted of a number of uncommor ly "fast" young men, who lived freely and played high, who were connoisseurs in wine and horses, and exquisites in dress, and whose society, moreover, was exceedingly congenial to a person of his tastes and habits.

One of these gentlemen, a Mr. Bradshawe, gave a magnificent champagne supper on th occasion of some great triumph in the betting line. Among the choice spirits who surround-ed the festive board was Grace's husband. It was growing late; the wine had circulated freely, and its influence was beginning to be felt among the company, who passed rapidly from good-fellowship to uproarious merriment. Henry Seymour was in the midst of a bacchanal song, a true Dithyrambic, in which he was accompanied by the cheers of his auditors, when a knock at the door caused a moment's

cessation in their mirth. "A message for Seymour," reported Mr. Bradshawe, who had risen to learn the cause of the interruption.

"A message for me," thought that gentle man, with anxious recollection of the unpaid with me a long time; but I suppose she is very low, notwithstanding. Mrs. Allward told me that the Doctor said she could not last more to the hotel. The relief he experienced at the sight of the familiar face was very great.
"What do you want with me, William?"

inquired." Please step out into the hall, sir. There's a lady that wants to see you in the back par-lor, and she sent word to have you come as soon as you could-a young lady, sir, and very

"Who the deuce can it be, at this time of night?" thought Seymour, on his progress down the stairs. A woman, sitting by a window of the back

prefer to remain here; or, stay, perhaps a cup of tea will do me good. I will come in a few lamp on the table fell full upon her features, and he recognised his wife.
"Why, Grace!" he exclaimed, in unmixed

astonishment, "what in the world brought you Grace had felt, throughout her journey,

dread of informing Seymour of the state of affairs; she had an instinctive knowledge that you had better go to bed immediately."

He would be amazed, perhaps angry with her.

This greeting did not tend to reassure her; she alone. Seated by the bedside, she leaned her trembled visibly, and some minutes passed beburning forehead on the pillow, and strove to fore she found courage to reply. Seymour sat collect her scattered thoughts into some definite aim or purpose. At one time, she would by degrees drew from her the history of the

tent of the misfortune broke upon him, "what would end; of course, such a thing could never be kept secret!" Poor Grace—thrust forth by her father, this

warded from her all suspicion. If it were not for that single falsehood! But how could she band. Under ordinary circumstances she might have given a haughty and defiant answer; but now, overcome by fatigue and dis-tress of mind, all pride was forgotten; she tervention! She would then have not even the leaned her head on the edge of a table near at

not pay any attention to my hasty words; I sincerely beg your pardon. The fact is, I am where we can talk the matter over; any one in the hall could hear every word we say. those fellows up stairs are expecting me every bering that it made no difference about the that you will not be interrupted-I will excuse matter; Fanny would not die a day sooner in myself to Bradshawe, and come back as soon as consequence; and, at any rate, it was no more than natural that she should think of her own excite observation, and that would spoil every-

"You must excuse him; you see that your coming here in the dead of night would look

The room was soon ready, and Grace Seymour rejoined his companions. He himself a very ill-used, unfortunate man. an odd perversion of ideas, he regarded Grace as in some way the instigator of their secret marriage, and himself as a victim inveigled into the proceeding. Such being the case, he was justly indignant at having her thrust upon him—in the very hour, too, of his extremest need. As for keeping her with him, that wa out of the question; his debts amounted to more than all his earthly possessions would bring in the market, and it was useless to look for help from his father. Grace must go home again, and nobody should know of the connection between them till some future time, (indefinite,) when they could live as became people of their station. He now realized what a silly and their marriage had been who would the

of their station. He now realized what a silly act their marriage had been; why could they not have waited just as well without it?

When, at last, he withdrew from the convivial group, and sought Grace, to arrange with her his plan of action, he was in a rather irritable mood—quite disposed to say harsh things, and find fault on every hand; but the sight of the fair, sad face, which he had known so bright and cheerful, moved his heart to pity.

"My dearest Grace," he said, drawing her "My dearest Grace," he said drawing he tenderly toward him, "how I wish we could stay together; we might then leave your father to come to his senses in his own good time But as it is, my love, I don't support myself and I cannot see any way but to write to him, and ask him to take you back again. You must send a very eloquent letter, and say all that will be likely to move him. You look surprised, Grace; but, upon my honor, I know

of no other way to manage."
"Anything but that!" she exclaimed, passionately: "how can I beg him to take me back? Oh, Henry, you should not ask me to do it. It would be of no service, either; he will never forgive me as long as he lives;

"He was very angry then, you see," persisted Seymour; "he has been sorry enough since. I dare say, and will be delighted with a good

I dare say, and will be delighted with a good excuse to make friends again."

"I shall never give him the excuse," she answered; "if he had been merciful, or even just in his anger, I would not complain; he had reason to be angry. But he would not listen to my entreaties; he would not hear the explanations that I tried to make; he forbade me even to see my mother for the last time. If I had been the viper to which he likened me, I could not have been more completely spurned. Now he must make the advances; everything Now he must make the advances; everything must come from him; I would not utter the first word of contrition, no, not if I were on my

Seymour saw that her resolution was fixed.

"What are we to do, then t" he asked. "It is very slow work for a young lawyer to get

"You need not see your mother," he said. "I into business, I can tell you. As I said before, I have not paid expenses since I came here. I have not paid expenses since I came here. Very unluckily, too, my father is a good deal vexed just now, at having some bills of mine forwarded to him; so that I am really afraid to risk this new demand upon his purse. Yet

there is no other resource."
"Yes there is," said Grace, "I can teach music, or give drawing lessons, and we can be

Indeed! as if I would have my wife a music teacher! You must not think of such a thing. No, we must wait: I will write to the Governor in a day or two. He will be angry enough, at first ; but he'll cool off after a while, and come down with something handsome, I've no doubt So cheer up, darling: I cannot bear to see you look so sorrowful.

"I do not like to be dependent upon your father," objected Grace; "is there no other way? We could be very prudent"—

"Yes, if we had anything to be prudent upon.
If I could not take care of myself, I cannot of you; and, as to being dependent on him, he is our father, and we are his children, and we should have it all, some day, at any rate. It is only generous to give him a chance to see us

Grace smiled, and said no more. A plan had suddenly entered her mind, by which she hoped to render herself, at least, quite independent of

unwilling aid.

How surprised those fellows will be when I introduce them to my wife," said Seymour;
"you must look your best, Grace, and do credit

my choice."

And she did, so far as brilliancy and beauty were concerned. She loved Seymour with all the strength of a first affection; with him, she forgot her father's anger, almost her mother's sorrow; when he spoke, the "still small voice' f Conscience was unheeded. She would not look forward into the future, nor back into the past—the present, with its wealth of joy and love, sufficed her.

Seymour was very well content; the friends whom he had presented to his wife were in raptures with her; he was congratulated as a very lucky fellow, and informed that he did quite right to secure such a prize, in any way hat offered. It was astonishing how much Grace's charms increased in his eyes when he found that every one else admired her. Then, she was entirely devoted to him; and the same thing that in an unattractive woman would have been pronounced a bore, flattered his vanity and raised his self-esteem when it came from her. He began to think himself as fortunate as people called him, and was in excellent humor with the whole world-except, perhaps, his tradesmen, whom he found it hard to satisfy

with promises instead of pay.

For some weeks after Grace's arrival, they boarded in the — Hotel, the most expensive house in the city. Seymour had enough by him to carry them through a month or two, and by that time he hoped for supplies from his father. He was of a very hopeful turn of mind, and no sooner found courage to state to that respected parent the difficulties in which he was involved than those difficulties seemed to vanish. A pleasing conviction grew upon him, that the old gentleman would, after a little unimportant wrath, agree to make the best of things, and send on his benediction, and a check filled out in goodly numbers. Then they would go to housekeeping—Grace's father would relent, and she would enter society. Oh, yes, it was all very nicely and pleasantly ar-

acrifice he parted with his fine horse, his costly dressing-case, and various expensive articles of bijouterie; his diamond shirt-buttons were replaced by plain gold studs, and his splendid chronometer by one of simple make and cheap material. This done, he was quite in funds, and felt himself equal to any emergency. In vain did Grace represent the propriety of moving to a less expensive abode; Seymour assured her that his father's letter would arrive before the money was half gone; and even if it did not, he could manage. The recent unusual effort at self-denial inspired him with great confidence in his own resources.

Grace wrote to her mother, stating that she

was well, and quite happy, and longed to hear from home. It there had been none but Caro-line to read the letter, or know its contents, she would have said what she felt—that she regretted her disobedience, and wished much for reconciliation. She feared, however, that her father would think she meant to ask for his forgiveness, and that she had determined never to do. Still, she looked earnestly for her mother's reply, hoping that it would contain some kind word, some message that would be a har-binger of peace and forgiveness.

When her husband entered their room, one

morning, with a letter in his hand, she started up joyfully; but, alas! it was only the expected epistic from her father in-law. "I have not opened it yet," said Seymour :
"I thought we would have the pleasure of

"Are you sure that it contains good news?" "Why, yes-I hope so, at least. soon see how it is, at any rate."

He ran his eye rapidly over the sheet

reading it together."

"Dear son — much surprised and displeased, but reflection has convinced me'— Miss Lindley is a charming girl'—let that go, we can read it afterwards; here is the important point: 'I shall now make you a yearly allowance, sufficient to enable you to keep house, or board, in a plain, respectable manner'—the devil! 'If you have the elements of success in your character, you can soon make your income what you wish it. Many a young man who has started in life without a penny, and without half your talents, has made a fortune business; it will be strange, therefore, if you cannot make one, with the very material aid which this allowance will give you. You must expect no further assistance from me; if you do as you can and ought, you will not need it; and as for encouraging you in indolent extrav-agant habits, I have done that long enough? What prosing—when will he come to the point? Ah, here it is: 'The sum I have fixed upon as suitable is — hundred a year '—
"The old miser!" cried Seymour, throwing
down the letter in disgust; "does he think we can subsist upon that beggarly pittance, --hundred a year? Yes, it will keep us very 'plainly and respectably'—upon cheese-parings. 'Extravagant habits!' he has guarded against them pretty effectually this time! It's ings. Extravagant habits: including against them pretty effectually this time! shameful—perfectly outrageous."

"I do not think so, at all," remonstrated Grace; "your father has done more than we had any right to expect. And, look, you were paragraph; he says he will pay all your debts up to the present date."
"Does he, indeed? They are a good deal

larger than he thinks for, that is one comfort. I should like to see him when the bills come in. Good Lord! what a rueful face he'll wear!" "You do very wrong to speak of your father in that way," said Grace, seriously, "and it surprises me to hear you."
You do very wrong to take your husband

who would have thought of your being the one to quote 'Honor your father and mother t'?"

"Why not?" she asked, somewhat nettled at his tone.
"Because your example hardly carried out

your precept. I fear you forgot the command-ment when you honored me with this pretty hand." And he raised the jewelled fingers to Grace felt half offended; yet, as she told her-self, she had no right to be so; she had only heard the truth, and it was not unkindly ut-

Praise, when judiciously bestowed, tends to encourage every one in the pursuit of excellence.

	I I	R	esi	DENTIA	L ELECTION.	
	100	M	ICI	HIGAN-	OFFICIAL.	
	Counties.			Scott.	Pierce.	Ha
	Alleghany		-	547	582	66
	Barry			478	652	103
١	Berrian -	-	-	1.015	1,234	41
	Branch -	-		1,077	1,380	202
	Calhoun -			1,784	1,824	440
	Cass			988	984	95
	Chippewa*	-		-	-	-
	Clinton -			469	437	146
	Eaton				786	225
1	Genesee -	-		1,221	1,145	301
	Hillsdale -			1,417	1,596	391
1	Houghton*	-		-	-	_
1	Ingham -			786	929	128
I	Ionia	100	16	659	864	302
ı	Jackson -	*		1.726	1,840	484
ł	Jackson - Kalamazoo			1.374	1.257	411
1	Kent			1 996	1,519	166
١	Lapeer -			618	819	142
I	Lenawee -	÷.		2,418	2,857	640
ı	Livingston	*	- 10	931	1.419	133
1	Mackinac				292	_
۱	Macomb -				1,634	509
١	Monroe -				1,582	169
I	Montealm	e :		120	156	6
I	Newnygo		×	40	104	_
l	Oakland -	10.		2 376	3.178	552
۱	Ottawa -			363	756	59
ì	Saganaw -	2	-	367	694	53
1	Shiawassee	*	4	519	384	52
ļ	St. Clair -				*1,110	53
١	St. Joseph	*	-	1.164	1,259	252
I	Sanilae -				252	-
١	Tuscola -				62	34
1	Van Buren	(4)	(%)	613	771	87
ĺ	Washtenaw			2,274	2.604	603

* Not returned in season to be counted.

New York Journal of Commerce.

41.842

7.237

LORD MORPETH'S PREFACE TO AN ENGLISH

33 860

Pierce over Scott, 7.982.

Total

The following Preface to an edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin, recently published in London, was written by Lord Morpeth, Earl of Carlisle I have been requested to write a few lines of Preface for a reprint of that very remarkable book, Uncle Tom's Cabin. However flattered I might have felt by such a proposal, under any circumstances, I should probably have declined to comply with it, if it had referred to any other book, or any other subject.

For, first, with regard to the book-Its merits, in point of composition, and in its avowed character of a work of fiction, though founded upon an actual state of society, and phases of cotemporary events and characters, are sufficiently patent to every class of its nearly unparalleled amount of readers. In this particular alone, its appearance has made a kind of epoch in the literary, as well as, I trust, in the moral history of the time. The mention of the bare reading would, indeed, afford a most inadequate measure of the extraordinary impression which it has made upon the public mind and sympathy. Few are the societies in which it has not for some time past formed the staple topic of conversation; and I have had the opportunity of knowing, in startling con-trast, of the violent outburst of tears which it has excited in some of the loftiest regions of our social life, and in the obscure cottages of hard-working and unpolished laborers

It would be easy, if it were not wholly super fluous, to dilate on the qualities which have produced such a concurrence, and such an in-tensity of interest and admiration—the gay tensity of interest and admiration—the gay humor, the tender pathos, the skill, so various, so delicate, so masterly, displayed in the delin-eation of character—recalling to the readers their foremost favorites, but surely without any degree of servile imitation. In Aunt Chloe, and much of the interior economy of the Shelby household, and especially in the bright, blue eyed Eva, have we not repeated glimpses of Mr. Charles Dickens? In the tea-table dialogue of the Ohio Senator and his wife, and in the self-portraying complaints of Mrs. St. Clare, are we not vividly reminded of our admirable Miss Austen? I think Topsy may challenge the honors of entire originality behind and above all these playful graces or brilliant gifts of the author, like her own Niagara's main torrent behind its silver spray, its nerald crest, its saffron rainbow, rushes and overwhelming, irresistible, eternal Truth.

Neither will I be tempted to pause upon

the writer, in thanking her for the copy of her work she had been good enough to send to me: I refer to what appeared to me a singular want of knowledge, and, therefore, a failure of justice, in speaking of the general condition of our poor in England. To us, who know what the real state and facts of the case are, this is of comparatively little importance; and as there is much, undoubtedly, for us to mend, it may net be amiss that we should have matters shown to us under a still darker shadow than legitimately attends them. It is of importance however, that the proprietors of slaves should not be encouraged to lay the unction to their souls, that the common run of mechanics and laborers of England are on a level of suffering laborers of England are on a level of suffering and degradation with the slaves on a rice swamp in Carolina, or at a sugar-crop time in Louisiana. This line of argument has been most cogently taken up by a very accomplished friend of mine, Mr. Helps, in a paper which has appeared in Fraser's Magazine, and I have reason to know that Mrs. Beecher Stowe has expressed herself on the subject with the fair-ness and candor which might be expected from her. I am convinced that the motive which principally guided her was a wish not to leave out of sight any ground upon which the advo-cates of slavery might fairly, or even plausibly, rest; and she states that her own point of view was materially influenced, I must say very nat urally, by the representations contained in some of the most popular current literature and

emonstrance in a letter which I addressed to

and chorus of approbation with which this work has been received amongst us general and loud as they have been, and are, have still not been perfectly unanimous. While noble justice has been rendered to it by some of the most enlightened organs of public opinion in the country, I cannot dissemble my regret that the country, I cannot dissemble my regret that in the most powerful of all, a notice of it has appeared, instinct, as I must say it appeared to me, with all the susceptibility, the sourness, and the jealousy of the slaveholding and sla-very-fostering system itself. My chief conso-lation is, that it did not appear in the same portion of the paper, and therefore, I am will-ing to flatter uself each description.

oratory of our own country.

As was to be expected, the shout of praise

lation is, that it did not appear in the same portion of the paper, and therefore, I am willing to flatter myself, could not have been indited by the same pens as those articles, which more especially within a recent period, and upon topics connected with the politics of Europe, while they have been models of English composition, have breathed the most generous spirit of English freedom.

The only mode in which detraction ventures to approach Uncle Tom, is to set out with admitting the merits of its style and composition, and then to charge it with general exaggeration. I fear, undoubtedly it is but too true, that human nature will not under any of its modifications, present us with many types of Uncle Tom; nor, I hope, on the other hand, with many of Mr. Legree. But take this human nature, such as we observe it in the world immediately around ourselves, such as we feel it within our own bosoms—put it in contact with the recognised codes and published laws of slaveholding States—impregnate it with the habits and maxims of the surrounding society—transfer it, apart from check and observation, to the remote plantation and obscure barracoon, and without resorting to works of fiction, or dreams of the imagination, work out for yourself the inevitable result. Let me adduce, as among the most cursory and incidental, and apparently trivial, of the many illustrations which constantly presented themselves, one